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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,
BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 11.

—

Nos duo turba sumos——— OVID.

IT is an observation as remarkable as it is obvious, that in order to produce the most agreeable harmony in musick, it is requisite, that the sounds should be seated at some convenient distance from each other; and that the notes which are next to the unison, cannot at the same time be sounded, but with the most intolerable harshness and disagreement. Nor is it possible for two voices upon a perfect unison, to yield that exquisite and harmonious variety, as if they were removed to the distance of a third, a fifth, or an eighth; from whence results that wonderful agreement as is the very perfection of music.

I am very much inclined to believe, that in order to preserve a strict and inviolable friendship, it is necessary to mix our intimacy with a kind of distance and reserve: or in other words, that we avoid that familiarity which is always an inlet to indifference and contempt. Our own experience may instruct us, that the nearest neighbors and relations, are not always the most sociable and friendly; nor are those, who are at first very often together, observed to be the most kind and durable companions. It is possible, in the beginning of an acquaintance, to guard for a short season against every thing that may tend to darken our reputation, and unfit and disqualify us for that friendship we are in the pursuit of: but after a long and constant intimacy with each other, there will, through coldness or inadvertence, break out in our conversation so many little indecencies and weaknesses, as shall lessen our esteem, and weaken the foundation of our friendship. And though it might happen, that the defects of our companion, should prove to be no other than our own blemishes and imperfections, it would be so far from preventing our dislike and reprehension, that it is strongly to be presumed, it would very much increase our disgust, and probably dissolve the bands of our communion. For one of the great designs of friendship, is to supply our own wants and deficiences, and when we are convinced that our intimate has a large portion of our infirmities, we shall be tempted to inquire after the contrary perfection in some other object. The darkest side of the most unexceptionable character, will hardly bear the light in which the best and most candid companion may behold it, and it must needs therefore be a point of necessary prudence, to conceal the natural defects and weakness of our minds, lest, by an indiscreet

openness in conversation, we should give but too much reason to our companion, to question our qualifications, for this noble and generous relation.

Had we been so happy as to retain our original innocence and rectitude, we might with the utmost pleasure and security have opened our souls to our joyful companions, and received them into the most retired secrets of our hearts, without the least danger of losing their affection and fellowship. But under our present disorder and irregularity, there is but a faint prospect of a long and uninterrupted freedom and familiarity; and could we commence an acquaintance with the utmost fervour and circumspection, we might gradually wear off that fearfulness to displease, which is the out guard of friendship, and without which, we shall never be able to maintain our interest in the love and esteem of our companion.

As therefore we should be very solicitous to conceal our own infirmities, we must be as careful not to see those little oddities which we are sensible would sink the value and reputation of our companions, and at last reduce our own love to an indifference that is inconsistent with friendship.

I would not be understood to plead for that strangeness which might infallibly cool, and at last extinguish that affection which grows out of a well regulated friendship. It may certainly be necessary in many cases, to make a reserve in our own minds of some cabinet secrets. But we must always seem to allow our companion, a free and constant access to our bosoms, receive him into our counsels, and pay a suitable deference to his judgment and advice, and never appear to entertain any suspicion of his faithfulness and sincerity, lest he should be under a temptation to question our charity and candour.

But I could never be persuaded that a constant freedom and intimacy, can excuse us from that complaisance and good-breeding, which is necessary to brighten the dull parts of common life, and to cast an agreeable beauty through our conversation and behaviour. A rough and unmannerly deportment has something in it too savage for a fine and delicate nature, and always implies a disrespect or indifference towards the person who is the subject of our treatment. A starched formality might savour of insincerity, but a courteous and obliging behaviour, accompained with an unaffected sweetness of aspect, and simplicity of expression, would naturally endear us to our associates.

An agreeable conversation may tend very much to the improvement and preservation of friendship, but when our discourse shall run on in contradiction, till it warms into wrangling disputation, there is danger of being hurried on in the transport of our passion, to such a bitterness, as is more the temper of an adversary than a friend.

There is hardly any thing more destructive of friendship than disputes; especially when they are urged and prosecuted with vehemence, and intermixed with raillery and satyrical wit: and it is very difficult so to manage an encounter, as not to leave an impression upon our antagonist to our disadvantage. If one should have the advantage in the argument, the other would undoubtedly envy his competitor; and should they

both obstinately maintain their hypothesis, and the contest continue for some time upon the balance, they might be under a temptation to such dishonorable shifts and endeavors to obtain the victory, as would lessen their opinion of themselves and one another: so that the victor might be in danger of losing his friend, and the vanquished of rankling into hatred and malice. Our conversation should therefore commence with freedom, proceed with caution, and conclude with love and good humor, that we might always meet with as much joy as if we had been long absent, and part with the same unwillingness and concern, as if we were not speedily to associate.

After all, it is very advisable, that our companions be such as are most likely to bear with our infirmities; whose humanity and goodness may incline them to those favorable allowances and interpretations, which are the marks and signatures of that charity which *thinketh no evil, and is not easily provoked:* such as are too sensible of their own imperfections, to be very severe in their animadversions upon others, and too prudent to discover their resentments, when it is not likely to be serviceable to the designs of their friendship.

I might be chargeable with injustice to my subject, should I omit to speak of that friendship which results from a conjugal relation, and is founded upon the similitude and agreement of happy tempers and dispositions. There is not, in my opinion, any condition or circumstance of life, which affords such a complication of pleasures, and which bears so near and lovely a resemblance to the state of innocence and perfection. What a delightful spectacle is a beautiful and virtuous couple, embarqued in one interest, and travelling the path of life without the pains of jealousy, or the least abatement of affection; reposing the same confidence in their companions as themselves, and endeavouring with all the charms of mutual endearments to strengthen their engagements to one another: who by their cheerful assistance, can alleviate the burthens and disquietudes of their pilgrimage, and forward their pleasant progress to the regions of perfect fellowship and affection. U.

STATE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF JERUSALEM, IN THE YEAR 1797.

[*From Brown's Travels into Egypt and Syria.*]

I must confess the aspect of JERUSALEM did not gratify my expectation. On ascending an hill, distant about three miles, this celebrated city rose to view, seated on an eminence, but surrounded by others of a greater height, and its walls, which remain tolerably perfect, form the chief object in the approach. They are constructed of a reddish stone. As the day was extremely cold, and snow began to fall, the prospect was not so interesting as it might have proved at a more favourable season.

Mendicants perfectly swarm in the place, allured by the hope of alms from the piety of the pilgrims. The religious of the *Terra Santa* retain great power; and there is one manufacture that flourishes in the utmost vigor, namely, that of reliques, crucifixes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, chaplets, and the like. Yet the church of the Holy Sepulchre is so much neglected,

that the snow fell into the middle; the beams, said to be cedar, are falling, and the whole roof is in a ruinous state. The Armenian Convent is elegant, and so extensive, as to present accommodation for no less than a thousand pilgrims.

During twelve or thirteen days, a very deep snow lay upon the ground. The Catholic Convent has a large subterraneous cistern, into which the snow melting from the roof, and other parts, is conveyed, and supplies the monks with water for a great portion of the year.

The best view of JERUSALEM is from the *Mount of Olives*, on the east of the city. In front is the chief mosque, which contains, according to the tradition of the Mahomedans, the body of Solomon. From the same Mount may be discovered, in a clear day, the *Dead sea*, nearly south-east, reflecting a whitish gleam. The intervening region appears very rocky.

The *Tombs of the Kings*, so denominated, are worthy of remark, being of Grecian sculpture, and on a hard rock. There are several ornaments on the sarcophagi, of foliage and flowers, and each apartment is secured with a massive panneled door of stone. Great ravages have been made here in search of treasure. These tombs have, probably, been constructed in the time of Herod and his successors, kings of Judea.

At about the distance of two hours, or six miles, stands BETHLEHEM, in a country happy in soil, air, and water. The latter is conveyed in a low aqueduct, or stone channel, which formerly passed to Jerusalem. The *fons signatus*, is an exuberant spring; it is received successively by three large cisterns, one of which is well preserved. In coming from the cisterns, and at a small distance, is seen what is termed the *Deliciæ Solomonis*, a beautiful rivulet, which flows murmuring down the valley, and waters in its course some gardens of excellent soil. The brinks of the brook are adorned with a variety of herbage. Olives, vines, and fig-trees, flourish abundantly in the neighbourhood. The olive trees are daily decreasing in number, as they are sacrificed to the personal enmities of the inhabitants, who meanly seek revenge by sawing down in the night those that belong to their adversaries. As this tree is of slow growth it is seldom replaced. A more pleasing object arises in the convent here, which contains under one roof the different tenets of Latins, Armenians, and Greeks.

About the same distance from Jerusalem towards the wilderness is the Convent of St. John, situated in the midst of a romantic country, studded with vines and olive trees. In the village of St. John and its district, the Mahomedans form the greater part of the population.

The mode of agriculture here pursued may be worthy of observation. As the country abounds in abrupt inequalities, little walls are erected which support the soil and form narrow terraces. Small ploughs are used, drawn by oxen, and it requires no slight dexterity in the driver to turn his plough and avoid damaging the walls. The soil, thus secured, is extremely favourable to cultivation. The breed of black cattle is, in general, diminutive. Horses are few in number, and asses, resembling the European, are chiefly used in travelling.

We may safely estimate the present population of JERUSALEM, at from eighteen to twenty thousand. It is governed by an Aga, appointed by the Pasha of Damascus; but he is allowed so few troops, that all Palestine may be regarded as in the power of the Arabs. The Christian women, who abound in Jerusalem, wear white veils as a distinction from the Mahomedan, who wear other colours. Arabic is the general language, except among the Armenians and Greeks.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Sir Hercules Langrishe, the friend of Burke, in his admirable speech on improving the representation in Parliament, thus splendidly illustrates the madness of innovation in government, and the absurdity of setting aside the wisdom of ages in favor of the folly of a day. "I prefer the oak that has taken deep root in your land, that has stood the shocks of time, the succession of seasons, and the changes of the heavens, to *the weeds of the field*, which are the growth of the day, the *production of wildness*, and the *promise* of *desolation*."

If the *multitude* were to govern, says the same sharer in the mantle of Burke, it would, in the first instance, be the government of ignorance over wisdom, and of violence over order; in the end, the people themselves would be enslaved. The fact is, the power of the people, *like the dominion of female beauty*, does not long survive the moment of their being corrupted. They are *flattered* until they are *seduced*, and when they are seduced, the *seducer* becomes the *tyrant*. You will find the truth of this position *not only in the legends of love*, but in the history of every democracy, or popular insurrection, that ever existed; you may read it in the destiny of that country, in which (as an able writer expresses it) "*suspicion* fills their *prisons*, and massacre is their *gaol delivery*."

A lady, when paying a visit in some remote part of England, went to church to hear a celebrated Scotch Parson preach. On being asked how she was pleased with his sermon, she replied, that she thought it tolerably good; but that it was as *broad* as it was *long*.

THE PORTRAIT OF A TRADING JUSTICE, AS IT WAS DESCRIBED AT COACHMAKER'S HALL, IN THE YEAR 1786.

His head is the scull of a superannuated attorney, in which are deposited the brains of a goose. On either side hang the ears of an ass, to shew his family connections. His eyes, with which he looks at virtue merit, and fortitude, are those of an owl in the sunshine, blinking. He has the teeth of a mouse, that will gnaw through a deal board for a bit of toasted cheese. And his tongue, like that of a jack-daw, cannot speak till slit with a piece of silver. He has the hands of a monkey, picks up all within his reach, and hides the booty that he fingers. His breast is the paunch of a hog filled with the blood of the malefactor, the bread of the indigent, and the tears of the orphan and widow, which, like the petrifying water of some rivers, have hardened his heart to stone. He has the back of a bear, fitted only

for an exhibition or a cudgel; and his legs shall be furnished by an old cow, for the sake of a cloven foot.

As it would be highly improper to let him go naked, we will clothe him; but not in an English dress, for he is a disgrace to the name. On his head you behold the turban of official insolence, in which he rivals the Great Mogul. His under garment is the veil of ignorance, which he anxiously wishes to hide; over his shoulders hangs the mantle of tyranny, which was torn off and trampled on by British Liberty at the glorious Revolution, and his feet are shod with the sandals of impiety and perjury.

Let us now enquire after his qualifications for the office, and we shall find him possessed of the compassion of a crocodile, who weeps over his prey to increase his spoils. The demon of avarice taught him benevolence, and he carries the blessings of the unfortunate in a nut shell. He has the sympathy of an ostrich, who deserts its young and displays the sensibility of a stoic. He studied logic and rhetoric at Bedlam, learned chastity in a brothel, and gathered his piety from the history and orders of the Hell Fire Club.

It is necessary to give him an equipage suitable to his rank, and that shall complete the portrait. His coach is the car of oppression; the arms painted upon it are discord and knavery, embracing each other in the field of plunder. The horses that draw him are fear and flattery; the footmen that follow him are infamy and contempt. Belzebub mounts the coach-box, and an old proverb makes him an excellent motto—*He must needs go whom the devil drives.*

The Romans did not confine the beauties of eloquence to the importance of the subject, the power of language, or the niceties of composition; but included in them propriety of gesture, and melody of voice. Cicero relates that Caius Gracchus had a servant who played excellently on the flageolet and stood behind the orator while he was harranguing, in order to rouse him when his utterance became languid, or to moderate his tones when they rose too high. These musicians were no doubt entertaining to the audience when the orator was heavy and dull, and I wish, with all my heart, that modern orators would employ such useful attendants.

A COMMON CASE.

It is said of Pope Urbain the VIIIth. that he had this fault in his character, viz. to think so highly of his own talents and judgment as to despise and ridicule every person who differed from him in opinion. "O what a prodigy of genius is that man," exclaimed his Holiness one day, "He thinks exactly as I do."

USES OF STUDY.

There are four principle ends which students should aim at in reading good authors. 1st. To discover the real character and genius of the writers. 2d. To find out the extent of their understanding, whether their genius was superior to their erudition, or inferior to it. 3d. To make themselves masters of what they read so that they may make new discoveries by the means of ancient knowledge. 4. To bring as nearly as possible their own minds to a state of perfection, and purify their dispositions in the same degree

which they carry the improvements of their intellects.

SONNET

ON THE COMPATIBILITY OF LOVE AND WISDOM.

To sensual fools, think not Almighty Love
Bestows the relish of his heavenly joys!
No, his high gifts, unconscious of alloys,
The reach of little minds is far above,
And only noble souls can his enjoyments prove;
Such dignify their playfulness and toys,
Such know the spring of vast delights to move,
For Knowledge in her train the graces best employs.
With tenderness Minerva's heart to inspire,
Reason to bind in chains of choicest flowers,
To give to Virtue pleasure's keenest fire;
To bid bright Genius lead the polish'd hours,
Is all immortal wisdom can desire;
And these are best attain'd by Love's delicious powers.

ANCIENT PRINTING.

The early conductors of the press used to affix to the end of the volumes which they printed, some device or couplet, concerning the book, with the addition of the name of the printer, and also of the corrector. In the edition of the "Pragmatic Sanction," by Andrew Bocard, at Paris 1507, the following handsome couplet is to be found:

Set liber hic donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem!

IMITATED.

May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurl'd;
Till an ant has drunk up all the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world.

JULIA'S POETICAL GARLAND.

The passion of love never invented a more elegant, polite, and ingenious piece of gallantry, than the Garland which the Duke de Montausier presented on a new year's day to his mistress, Julia d' Angennes. He employed an artist to paint in miniature, on pieces of vellum of equal size, the most beautiful flowers that he could collect. In a space left under the flowers, he inserted verses descriptive of the beauty of the flowers, and applicable to the praises of Julia. He entreated his contemporary wits (with most of whom he was well acquainted) to supply him with copies of verses, reserving the greater part of the subjects for his own pen. These little epigrams were transcribed under each flower, and on the vellum, by a person remarkable for the beauty of his hand-writing. The Duke then had them bound most sumptuously, and two copies taken of them; each of which he put into a bag of Spanish leather. This present was placed on the toilet of Julia, and discovered by her on the morning of a new year's day, 1633 or 1634, the year in which Gustavus King of Sweden died; which epoch is marked by the Imperial Crown, one of the flowers which composed the garland. "I had long been desirous," says M. Huet, "to see this effusion of love and poetry. The dutchess of Usez procured me this pleasure, by locking me into her cabinet one day after dinner; where I amused myself with the Garland, and thought that afternoon was the most charming one I had ever passed."

THE BRITISH WARRIOR.

The soldier knows that ev'ry ball
A certain billet* bears;
And, whether doom'd to rise or fall,
Dishonour's all he fears.

* The constable's ticket which entitles a soldier to quarters, is so called.

To guard old England is his plan;
Unaw'd and undismay'd,
He fights her battles like a man,
And by her thanks is paid.

To foreign climes he cheerly goes,
By duty only driv'n;
And when he falls, his country knows
For whom his life was giv'n.

Recorded on the front of day,
The warrior's deeds appear;
For him the poet breathes his lay,
The virgin sheds her tear.

Regardless of each hostile aim,
Thus Nelson's godlike mind,
Absorb'd and full of England's fame,
To England was confin'd.

No selfish views could steal a part
Or add one private care;
The ball that rush'd upon his heart,
Found England seated there.

CAN TWO UNEQUAL NUMBERS, MULTIPLIED INTO THEMSELVES, PRODUCE THE SAME NUMBER?

Clavius has advanced this position in the second volume of his Algebra, page 17, admitting it to be incomprehensible; but asserting, that the human mind is incapable of controverting it. The example which Clavius has exhibited, will shew that the error originated in himself alone. The two numbers which he proposes are, 4—1, and 1—4; that is, 4 minus 1, and 1 minus 4. The former number, multiplied into itself, produces 9, and the latter number, multiplied into itself, produces 9, according to Clavius. The fallacy may thus be unfolded. The former number makes 9 more than nothing, and the latter number 9 less than nothing. Were I to give any person 4 crowns minus 1, that is, 3 crowns, he will be a gainer of those 3 crowns; which, multiplied into themselves, will produce to him 9 crowns. But if I give him 1 crown minus, 4, that is, if I give him 1 crown, and he returns me 4, I shall be the gainer of 3 crowns; which, being multiplied into themselves, will make 9 crowns, of which he remains the loser. The circumstance of gaining or losing 9 crowns, marks the difference between 9 crowns plus 0, and 9 crowns minus 0.

Political Sketch of a two days walk in Wales being a specimen of the Sublime and Beautiful.

Now ceas'd night's tempest, terrible and wild,
Fair morn unbarr'd her roseate gate and smil'd,
Soft blew the zephyr with his fanning wing,
And wak'd the blushes of the young-ey'd spring.
Sweet thrill'd the blackbird from the May-thorn bush;
All nature wore her loveliest vernal flush,
Whilst clouds, gay gathering round the gold pav'd sun,
The blue fac'd heavens with rich embroidery hung;
When rising quickly, with the orb of day,
Through Cambria's wood-crown'd vales I took my way,
Mixt with rough mountains, where Hygeia roves,
And health's fresh dew-drops bathe the new fledg'd groves;
Neat Aberystwith then, with farewell view,
I bade thy social haunts, dear town, adieu;
And, winding Douay's past'ral banks, pace on,
Aw'd by the shape of rude Plinliminon,
Half hid in clouds, his proud head towering high,
Whence takes its source the silvery winding Wye:
Here lingering oft, with slow unmindful feet,
The clover scented breeze I tasted sweet:
Till further on I pass'd, where, mean and low,
Lies Dinas mid his hills o'ertopp'd with snow.
At length I lodg'd, as evening's light declines,
Where Bala's lake a beauteous mirror shines.

DAY THE SECOND.

Once more the heavens' clear borders shine with grey,
And trembling phosphor shoots a dewy ray.
In Phoebus' car is seen Aurora bright,
Sprinkling th' increasing dawn with pearls of light;
When, venturing bold on Arran Vawi's height,
My feet once more pursue their anxious flight.
Fancy anticipates the course I bend,
Whilst Hope delighted whispers soon 'twill end
She flies beyond thy dark brow'd hills Llanrost,
Where happiness calm joys are center'd most,
Not far from Abergele's smooth sandy beach,
Where friendship's threshold warm I soon shall reach.
Already now, on Cave Hill's wizard spot,
Bursts to my view the woodbine cover'd cot;
A grass green plat the mansion stands before,
With modest pinks and daisies dotted o'er;
There lifting quick the unguarded opening latch,
Soft kindred looks of welcome I shall catch;
There from a brother each choice kindness prove,
Whose dwelling Hymen sanctifies with love.

ANECDOTE OF GIBBON THE HISTORIAN

Mr. Gibbon, finding himself indisposed, sent for a physician: the doctor judging from the appearance of his patient, that his illness, which was but slight, simply rose from a repletion, recommended abstinence. Three days after he received a letter from the historian, couched in pressing terms, but still in well-rounded sentences, requiring his immediate presence at his house. On his arrival there he found Mr. Gibbon dreadfully altered; his cheeks usually plump, had now fallen, his complexion sallow, and his person emaciated. The physician anxiously enquired the cause of this sudden and unexpected change.

"Sir," said his learned patient, "to follow with religious exactitude, the ordinances of him whom I consult as my medical adviser, is a principle from which I have never yet ventured to depart; but at this instant, I am the victim of obedience, and of a doctrine which I still believe to be generally salutary. You will recollect, Sir, that when last I had the honour of seeing you, you admonished me to abstain from animal food. Three days have elapsed since I received your injunctions, and during that period, the only food which has passed these lips, has been a beverage of water-gruel. I have consequently become languid, and am now desirous of a more nutritious aliment; but presuming not to interfere in a science which I do not understand, and having placed the direction of my health under the guidance of your professional skill, I have awaited, I will not say with impatience, the repetition of your visit. I now attend your orders." The physician, who had not called during this interval, simply because he conceived Mr. Gibbon had no occasion for further advice, now rang the bell, and instead of writing a prescription, ordered dinner to be instantly served. A good bouillion, and a bottle of Burgundy, soon restored the historian to health and spirits.

The same physician advised Mr. Gibbon to take occasionally a dose of medicine. The obedient scholar, adopting with literal precision the system recommended, wrote immediately a Latin letter to his

apothecary, and directing, that on the first of every month, such a draught should be sent him as the doctor should direct; and accordingly, at such stated periods, during the rest of his life, whether he were well or ill, he received the accustomed dose.

THE MUSE:

OR,

POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

" The muse!—Whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires;
The poet's birth I seek not where;
His place, his na e, they're not my care:
Nor Greece, nor Rome, delights me more
Than Tagus'* bank, or Thames' † shore;
From silver Avon's flow'ry side,
Tho' Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide;
As sweet from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The muse!—Whate' er the Muse inspires
My soul the tuneful strain admires;
Nor bigot zeal, or party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page:
I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
Because he flatters courts, and kings;
And from the master lyre of Gray,
When pomp of music breaks away,
Nor less the sound my notice draws,
For that is heard in freedom's cause.

The muse!—Whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires;
Where wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;
Where want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing power of fancy fades:
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears, and Bawdin's fate‡.

The Muse!—Whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When fame her wreath, well-earn'd, bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I lov'd to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear,

* Alluding to Camoens.

† Alluding to Pope, &c.

‡ Rowley's poems, written by Chatterton.

And his whom Athens' tragic maid
Now leads through Scarnings' lonely glade,
While he for British nymphs bids flow*
Her notes of terror and of woe.

The Muse!—Whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or sublime;
If Pastora's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields, or new-mown meads:
If Epic's voice sonorous calls
To Eta's† clift, or Salem's‡ walls;
Enough—The Muse, the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires."

* See Mr. Potter's excellent translation of Æschylus and Euripides.

† See Mr. Glover's Leonidas.

‡ Tasso's gothic fancy and magnificence.

FRENCH FLATTERY.

We must not suppose that the French were at any time deficient in that style of excessive adulation in their addresses to their sovereigns, of which we now daily see so many specimens, or that it took its rise in favour of their present idol. To say nothing of the flattery with which Louis the Fourteenth was continually fed, we subjoin a curious harangue addressed to Louis the Fifteenth, after his campaign of 1745.

" The conquests of your majesty are so rapid, that we think it absolutely necessary that future Historians should be cautious in their relation, lest posterity should consider them as fables, unworthy of belief. Yet they must be told as an undoubted fact that your majesty, when at the head of your army, wrote yourself an account of your exploits, having no other table but a *drum*. The most distant ages must learn that the English, those fierce and audacious enemies, jealous of your majesty's fame, were compelled to yield to your prowess the palace of glory. Their allies

were only so many witnesses of their shame, and hastened to join their standards only to become the spectators of your majesty's triumph. We venture to tell your majesty, that whatever may be the love you bear your subjects, there is still one way to add to our felicity, by curbing the high courage which you possess, and which would cost us too many tears, if it exposed to the certain danger of war your majesty's precious life or that of the young hero, the object of our fondest hopes!"

Such an address to princes so little warlike as that of Louis the Fifteenth and his son, was the height of falsehood and absurdity. The military exploits of Napoleon may perhaps justify the language of flattery, whatever we may think of the rest of his character.

THE MAN OF FEELING.

Exhibiting an exquisite specimen of modern pathos.

Ah! wither, *Stranger*, dost thou journey on,
With hurried step and wild exploring eye,
Thy wither'd cheek so pale and woe-begone,
Thy bosom struggling with the *deep-felt* sigh.
Ah! tell me *stranger*, whither would'st thou stray;
'Tis piercing cold, and chilly blows the blast,
The sky with murky clouds is overcast,
Impending, *wand'rer*, and unwelcome day.
Ah, *Stranger*, is thy soul oppress'd with care,
Is thy *last, only, drop* of comfort gone;
Is that means that doleful groan, that vacant stare?
Ah! say what ails thee, solitary one.
He heard—and thus, with voice half-stifled, spake,
The inquiring friend, 'tis 'tis the *Belly-ache!!!*"

CHARLES XII. AND ARCHIMEDES

Were very different men, yet both in similar circumstances gave similar proofs of their uncommon power of abstracting their attention. "What has the bomb to do with what you are writing to Sweden?" said the hero to his pale secretary, when a bomb burst through the roof of his apartment, and he continued to dictate his letter. Archimedes went on with his demonstration in the midst of a siege, and when a brutal soldier entered with a drawn sword, the philosopher only begged he might solve his beloved problem before he was put to death!

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

The new comedy of THE WORLD, which has lately been performed in England, from the pen of Mr. Kenney, ranks highly above the trash of modern dramatic performances Indeed it is considered among the best productions in the language, and of course has been crowned with unexampled applause.

A little work has recently made its appearance in London under the title of *An Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, in the History of the Widow Placid and her Daughter Rachel*, which from the literary and religious world has received an uncommon share of attention.—Its object is to show that true religion is the only Antidote to Human Misery. This doctrine is inculcated in an appropriate and interesting tale, abounding in pleasantry of the most innocent kind. Few books will be read with a greater relish by Christians of every denomination; and still fewer are better adapted to have a beneficial influence on society at large. A single copy of this work was received by the last arrival; and we have pleasure in announcing that Messrs. SWORDS of New-York, have put it to press, and that its appearance may very soon be expected.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

The subsequent elegiac stanzas on the death of a friend, are intitled to insertion from the worth of the composition.

THE hand of FRIENDSHIP strikes the mournful lyre,
While melancholy shrouds the soul in gloom;
Departed VIRTUES sorrow's voice inspire—
Endeared EUGENIO slumbers in the tomb.
And shall I ne'er behold EUGENIO more,
That FRIEND, whose bosom spurned deceptive art,
Diffused the sweets of literary lore,
And roused the noblest feelings of the heart?

Will his mild aspect ne'er augment my joy,
His wit delight, his piety improve,
The music of his voice DESPAIR annoy,
Or wake to SYMPATHY the soul of love?
Shall we ne'er wander through the lonely grove,
When glimmering twilight draws her dusky veil,
Where shadowy forms in fairy frolic move,
And melancholy music swells the gale?

Ingenuous MEEKNESS marked his blooming life,
The fond endearment of a faithful mind;
His disposition sweet, averse to strife,
Demeanor cha ste, intelligence refin'd.
Manly SIMPLICITY, a soul sincere,
The lovely sensibilities of man,
Which virtuous minds immutably endear,
In blest communion through his actions ran.

But GENIUS, LEARNING, RECTITUDE of heart,
That elevate mankind to fame and power,
No magic charm, no talisman impart,
To stay MORTALITY's appointed hour.
So fell PALEMON 'scaped from danger's wave,
When elemental war embroil'd the deep;
So lone ARION, impotent to save,
Surviv'd his lov'd associate but to weep.

I've seen the angelic form of BEAUTY fade,
Seen dear connections to the dust return;
But never such devout AFFECTION pa
As bending o'er EUGENIO's hallow
urn.
Behold his fond COMPANIONS' silent w
For EXCELLENCE, they ever found
true;
Behold their generous tears profusely flo
When stern REFLECTIONS wound th
mental view.

Observe the anguish of a BROTHER's
A SISTER's tears, a widowed Mo
ER's sighs;
Their sympathetic sorrows scorn contr
And thoughts of man's mortality
While they their loss lament with
tears,
And unsubmissive view AFFLICT
rod,
In realms of pure enjoyment he app
And joins his sainted FATHER, an
GOD.

RELIGION will alleviate their woes,
Communicating HOPE beyond the
Where pale MISFORTUNE finds secu
pose,
Where VIRTUES flourish in imm
bloom.

Adieu, EUGENIO, early summoned Fr
While life's warm current here
tains its sway,
Thy dear REMEMBRANCE ever sha
tend,
Till we unite in never ending day.
ALON

TO THE GLOW-WORM.

When Sol resigns this world to night
Behold! thou 'shed'st thy feeble
And, twinkling with a borrow'd lig
Do'st all thou can'st to m
day.—
Thee, glimmering in the bank, I vi
And own thy worth surpassing
Thou giv'st to nature all her due,
Whilst I conceal a light divine.
Did man, like thee, dispense around
Each beam, the heavenly suns* i
Less moral darkness would be fou
And virtue shine in every heart.

* Reason, and Revelation.

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